

3rd COAST MUSIC

#70/159 NOVEMBER 2002



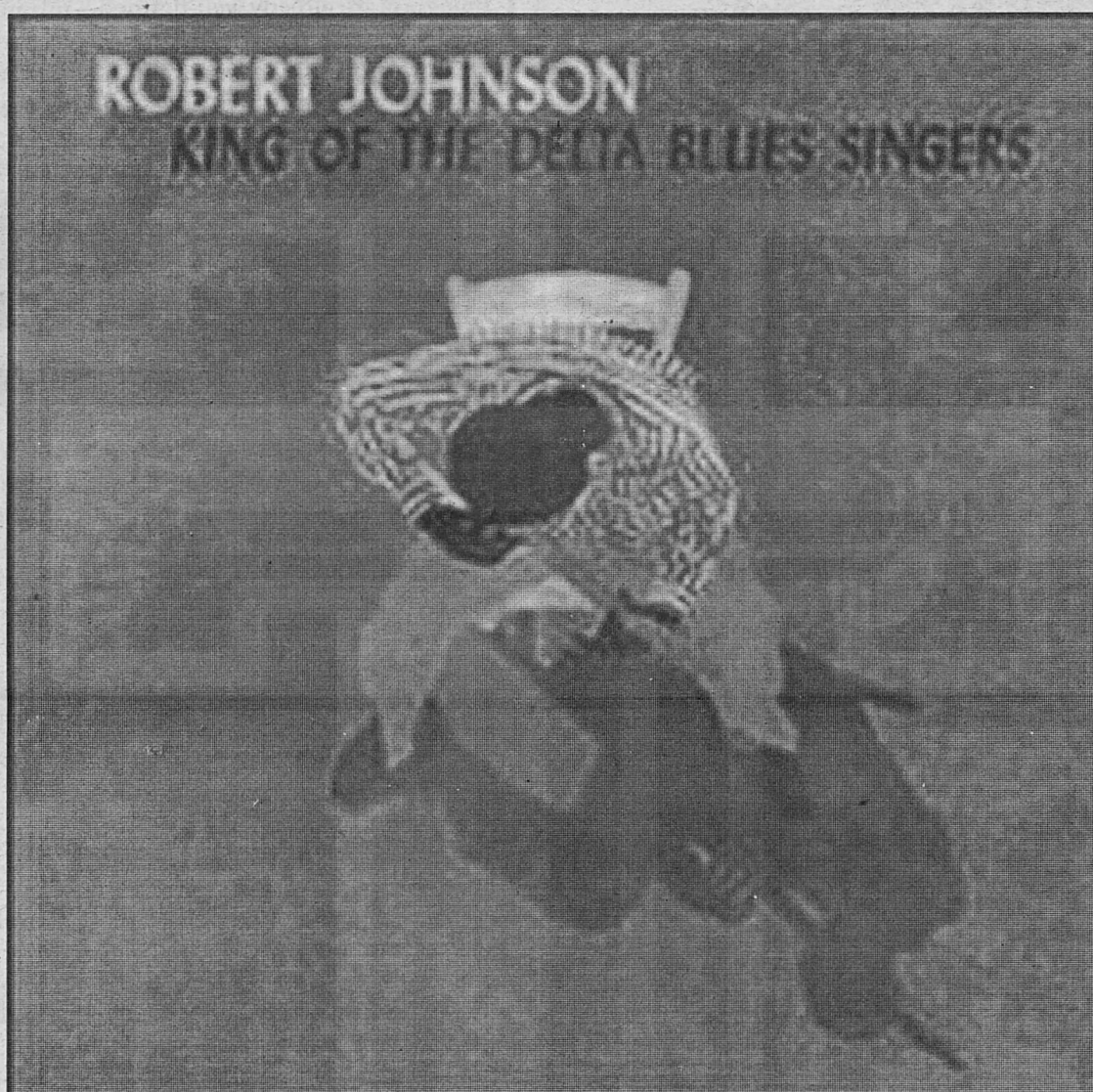
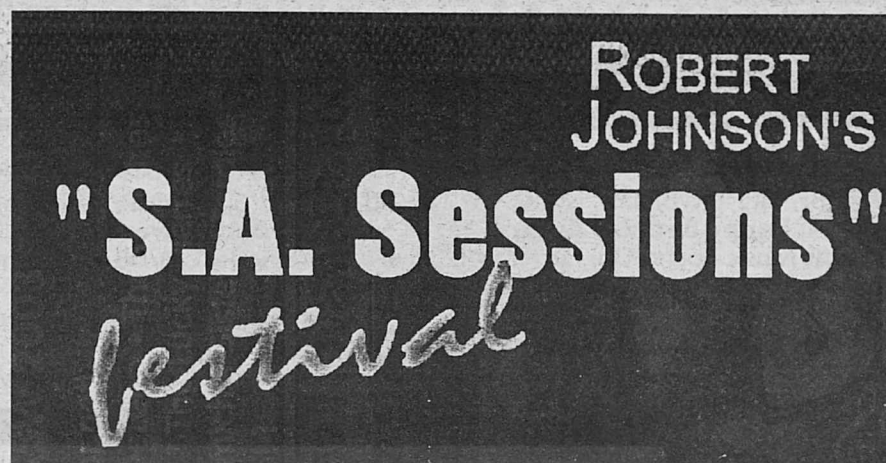
**CHARLES EARLE's B-Sides • JOHN THE REVEALATOR
FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #39.**

ROOTS BIRTHS & DEATHS

GET A JUMP ON NOTSXSW 2003

REVIEWS *** (or not)**

**Lost John Casner • Sara Cox • Bianca DeLeon • The Donettes
Greetings From Area Code 203 Vol 3 • The Lucky Pierres
Mark LeGrand • Buddy Miller • Gary Primich • Sisters Morales
This Is Americana Vol 1**



NOVEMBER 29TH, 2002

CRYSTAL BALLROOM, SHERATON-GUNTER HOTEL

BANQUET 6PM-7.30PM

WITH SHOWING OF FILM ON ROBERT JOHNSON

7.30-10PM, MUSIC BY

GUY FORSYTH

RUSTY MARTIN

HONEY BOY EDWARDS

\$40

NOVEMBER 30TH, 2002

11AM-5PM, ROOFTOP, PARKING GARAGE,
SHERATON-GUNTER HOTEL (INSIDE IF IT RAINS)

WILL OWEN-GAGE & THE KRYBABIES

HENRY PEREZ & THE RHYTHM KINGS

CATHERINE DENISE

STEVE JAMES & GARY PRIMICH

SHAWN PITTMAN

\$5

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT: CASBEERS, TEXAS MUSIC, HOGWILD

OR VIA PAYPAL FROM WWW.SANANTONIOBLUES.COM

SPONSORED IN PART BY: THE SHERATON-GUNTER HOTEL, H.E.B., KINKO'S,

ALAMO MUSIC, KSYM, TEXAS MUSIC, CASBEERS & 3RD COAST MUSIC

ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT SAN ANTONIO FOOD BANK

FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS #39

REAL MUSIC PLAYED FOR REAL PEOPLE BY REAL DJs DURING OCTOBER 2002

#1 BUDDY MILLER: MIDNIGHT AND LONESOME (Hightone)

- *AR/*BF/*BP/*DWB/*DY/*MM/*NA/*ND/*PTT/*R&H/*SJ/*VP/MP/TF/dt/ma/pr/s&d
- 2 **VA: Happy Birthday Buck: A Texas Salute To Buck Owens**
(Texas Music Round-Up) *BL/*KF/*LB/*MA/*RT/*SH/*TS/CM/DB/KD/cp/htr/mo/tj
 - 3 **Tom Armstrong: Songs That Make the Jukebox Play** (Carswell)
*CP/*JH/*KL/*TA/LG/RS/RMS/SH?bp/bw/ts
 - 4 **Rex Hobart & The Misery Boys: Favorite Fool** (Bloodshot)
*BR/*HTR/*LH/BP/DWB/DP/TH/jt/lg/mm/rms/sh
 - 5 **Stan Martin: Cigarettes And Cheap Whiskey** (Twangtone)
*JT/*JZ/*KD/*RH/*S&D/ff/jf/mp/rw
 - 6 **Chip Taylor & Carrie Rodriguez: Let's Leave This Town** (Lone Star)
*FF/*GS/*RJ/*TF/JP/KR/NA/br/lh
 - 7 **Steve Earle: Jerusalem** (Artemis) *BW/*CM/*EB/*SG/DN/VP/dwb/wr
 - 8 **James McMurtry: St Mary Of The Woods** (Sugar Hill) *JP/*WR/LH/MM/SG/SJ/rc
 - 9 **Laura Cantrell: When The Roses Bloom Again** (Diesel Only)
*DF/*MDT/*TH/BF/ar/jh/tw
 - 10 **Waco Brothers: New Deal** (Bloodshot) *RS/*RMS/*TW/ST/TJ
 - 11 **Starline Rhythm Boys: Honky Tonk Livin'** (Tin Town) *JF/DC/LB/RT/TS/db
 - 12 **Neko Case: Blacklisted** (Bloodshot) *DT/*TJ/PTT/dn/sj
 - 13 **The Blasters: Trouble Bound** (Hightone) *DA/*DN/DT/ND
 - 14 **Bill Chambers: Sleeping With The Blues** (Reckless) GS/JS/ew/kd/nd/rt
 - Nanci Griffith: Winter Marquee** (Rounder) *MR/DJ/R&H/tf
 - 15 **Susanna Van Tassel: My Little Star** (Music Room) BL/JH/KF/vp
 - 16 **Chris Stuart: Angels Of Mineral Springs** (Back Country) *DB/*MP/to
 - 17 **16 Horsepower: Folklore** (Jetset) *JE
 - VA: Dressed In Black** (Dualtone) *JVB/js/rh
 - VA: Kindred Spirits** (Lucky Dog) *DJ/CP/bl
 - 18 **Richard Buckner: Impasse** (Overcoat) *CZ/AL/cw
 - 19 **Guy Clark: The Dark** (Sugar Hill) EGB/ew/na/r&h
 - High Noon: What Are We Waiting For?** (Goofin) *KR/BR/dc
 - 20 **Mary Gauthier: Filth & Fire** (Signature Sounds) *DO/jp
 - The Gourds: Cow, Fish, Fowl Or Pig** (Sugar Hill) *ST/jvb/ptt
 - Kim Richey: Rise** (Lost Highway) *Mo/Gj
 - 21 **Eric Hisaw: Never Could Walk The Line** (Stockade/Dusty) JT/PP
 - Catherine Irwin: Cut Yourself A Switch** (Thrill Jockey) *PP/BW
 - 22 **Jon Rauhouse's Steel Guitar Air Show** (Bloodshot) DF/dp/jz/mt
 - 23 **Mark LeGrand: All Dressed Up** (self) FF/PP/ta
 - Tom Paxton: Looking For The Moon** (Appleseed) *LW/mr
 - 24 **Dan Israel & The Cultivators: Love Ain't A Cliche** (Hayden's Ferry) *JS
 - 25 **Ramsey Midwood: Shootout At The OK Chinese Restaurant** (Vanguard) *CW
 - Jim Mills: My Dixie Home** (Sugar Hill) *LG
 - Sister Morales: Para Gloria** (Luna) *SC
 - 26 **The Bellyachers: Heavy In My Hands** (Gut) MDT/S&D
 - Ray Price: Time** (Audium) H&H/MT
 - 27 **David Allan Coe: Biketoberfest '01** *EW
 - Bellwether: Home Late** (Rust Belt/Safe House) *MY
 - Bright Eyes: Lifted . . .** (Saddle Creek) *AL
 - Peter Case: Beehive** (Vanguard) *Gj
 - Darlin' & Rose: Tomorrow Yesterday** (D&R) *H&H
 - Ruthie Foster: Runaway Soul** (Blue Corn) *PR
 - Johnny Gimble: Just For Fun** (Tejas) *DC
 - The Greenbriar Boys: Best Of The Vanguard Years** (Vanguard) *JW
 - Lonesome River Band: Window Of Time** (Doobie Shea) *CL
 - Elizabeth McQueen** (demo) *BC
 - Jamie Michaels: Angelus** (self) *SM
 - Mississippi Heat: Footprints On The Ceiling** (CrossCut) *EGB
 - Harvey Reid: Dreamer Or Believer** (Woodpecker) *SMj
 - The Sadies: Stories Often Told** (Outside) *DP
 - Hank Sasaki: Memories In Music** (KMA) *RW
 - Slick Fifty Seven: The Ghost Of Bonnie Parker** (Laughing Outlaw) *TO
 - Paul Thorn: Mission Temple Fire Works Stand** (Perpetual Obscurity) *TG
 - Joy Lynn White: On Her Own: Demos 2002** (DIY) *MT

THIS IS AMERICANA Vol ONE A VIEW FROM SUGAR HILL RECORDS

(Sugar Hill ***)

The only reason there's a limited number of answers to the question What is Americana? is that there's a limited number of people who give a rat's ass. In launching a projected multi-volume series, sponsored by the Americana Music Association, that will supposedly, in toto, answer this vexed question, activist Steve Gardner, who works at Sugar Hill, hosts a radio show (and reports to FAR), promotes house concerts, publishes a North Carolina music e-zine and runs the twangdj Internet group, has the dubious honor of being the first person to go public with an answer. Whether or not Sugar Hill, an estimable label but with a catalog that's all but twang-free, is the best place to start, Gardner's definition leans heavily on its folk and bluegrass acts, but doesn't include Terry Allen or Guy Clark, whom I'd regard as key Americana artists (though this may be due to licensing problems). My issue with Gardner's inclusive big tent approach is that, while it may be valid in principle to claim that they're *also* sub-sets of Americana, in practice folk and bluegrass are already well-defined—infinitely more so than Americana—and better organized genres in their own right. Record stores are not about to file their albums under Americana. It would be impossible to draw hard lines of demarcation, but while there may be some overlap, folk and bluegrass have their own identities and Americana should, indeed must to survive, have its own identity distinct from them. Look at it this way, most Americana artists are out of the running for folk and bluegrass awards but, as things stand, must compete against double-dipping folk and bluegrass artists for AMA awards, which means that the AMA will itself have to exclude those genres or wind up looking utterly pointless. Gardner's album is a great Sugar Hill sampler, but his Americana DJ colleagues aren't going to be playing many tracks off it because they generally have as much use for bluegrass as bluegrass DJs have for anything that isn't bluegrass, which is to say none at all.

JC

PS: however you feel about this album, it does raise a completely separate issue—where are the succeeding volumes coming from? The AMA says it's invited member labels to participate, but while I have no idea about Rounder or Bloodshot, I know Hightone isn't affiliated to the AMA (though I'd love to see Darrell Anderson's answer to What is Americana?), and they're the only labels that have anything like Sugar Hill's back catalog depth. A label like Dualtone could manage a sampler by taking one track off pretty much every album it's put out so far, but that would only answer the question What is Dualtone? This label-orientated approach will leave dozens of crucial artists on tiny indies, Gillian Welch on Acony, Butch Hancock on Rainlight or Anna Fermin on sighlow for instance, out in the cold.

JC

NotSXSW 2003

First sign of spring is the first inquiry I get about NotSXSW, and this year it came in October, which either means I'm dealing with an unusually efficient, forward-thinking artist, or the deal has evolved to the point where musicians have started factoring it into their plans. Either way, I figured it might be a good idea to prepare a contact information package, so I got hold of the usual suspects and these are the ones who indicated they're still in the game, and would be interested in hearing from artists who would like to play during Austin's Best Music Festival.

So here's your reward for reading 3CM, a jumpstart on all the dumb suckers who don't. I've only listed email addresses, as you first need to contact these folks, tell them about yourself if they don't already know you, then take it from there. Jason Shields specifies that he likes to get things pretty much stitched up mid-January, but I know all these venues would be real happy to have their calendars filled by then or even earlier. So act now and get your slots locked in and you'll be able to laugh at the chuckleheads who don't get round to making any calls until February—it happens, believe me.

JC

Threadgill's World Headquarters

John Conquest: 3rdcoast@sbcglobal.net

Ben Serrato: ben@colingilmore.com

Texas Cafe (formerly Under The Sun)

Steve Dean: sdean5@austin.rr.com

Jovita's

Alana Foster: tiaraclub@hotmail.com

Cheapo Discs

Jason Shields: hillbilly@cheapotexas.com

Music Wednesday-Sunday, noon-8pm. I like to have my schedule 75% done by mid/late January

Flipnotics Coffee Space

Mark Kamburis: flips@flipnotics.com

Just about anything goes, just keep the volume tolerable.

Casbeers

(San Antonio)
Steve Silbas/Barbara Wolfe: barblobo@aol.com



Compact Discs Records • Video

10-11 Mon-Sat 12-11 Sun
600-A North Lamar Austin, TX 78703
www.waterloorecords.com
(512)474.2500

WHERE MUSIC STILL MATTERS

*XX = DJ's Album of the Month, XX = #2, xx = #3

FREEFORM AMERICAN ROOTS is compiled from reports provided by 111 freeform DJs in the US, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Uruguay and Yugoslavia. A list of the DJs, an archive of FAR charts and links to Internet broadcasts can be found at www.accd.edu/tcmn/far.

GOT A CD OUT? NEED SALES? SEND IT TO US!

We've been a worldwide distributor for over TWENTY FIVE YEARS
representing most Texas artists and labels
check them out at our website www.HONKYTONKIN.com

CURTIS WOOD DISTRIBUTORS

RR #1, Box 172-C, Telephone, TX 75488

phone/fax: 903-664-3741

email: cwood2265@aol.com

LUBBOCK OR LEAVE IT

2311 WEST NORTH LOOP, AUSTIN, TX 78756

phone 512/302-9024 • fax 512/302-9025

HOURS

10-4 Mon

10-5 Tue-Fri

11-4 Sat

Recordings by West Texas & other artists
Specializing in singer-songwriters
YES... WE DO MAIL ORDERS

Home of Waterwheel Soundworks
CD and tape duplication



Fri 1st RAY WYLIE HUBBARD Thu 7th PETER CASE BAND
Fri 8th CLANDESTINE 7.30 & 10pm Sat 9th WILLIS ALAN RAMSEY
Fri 15th TOM RUSSELL Sat 16th TIM O'BRIEN
Thu 21st JOHN WESLEY HARDING
Sat 23rd KIM RICHEY (TU Theatre)
Sun 24th BILLY JOE SHAVER

24th & Guadalupe • 475-6515



LOCAL FLAVOR

Selling TEXAS MUSIC since 1994

Country, Blues, Singer/Songwriters, Tejano, Rock,
Jazz, Pop and World Beat ... all by Texas Artists

OVER 1,200 TITLES

Shop our on-line catalog:

austinmetro.com/localflavor.html

Call us: 361-991-2292

email us: localflavor@austinmetro.com

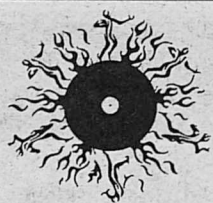
Write us: Local Flavor, PO Box 3866,
Corpus Christi, TX 78463



Where Great Artistry & Technology Meet!

Flashpoint
RECORDING STUDIO

Call us today!
512.476.7009



Supplying San Marcos with Music since 1977

SUNDANCE

Records • Compact Discs • Tapes

*New & Used CDs • Vinyl
Imports • Underground
Americana • Texas • Country
Oldies • Rap • Rock • Pop
Dance • Tejano • Latin • Hip Hop
Body Jewelry • Incense • Posters*

**Mon-Sat 10-9 Sunday 12-8
202 B UNIVERSITY at LBJ
SAN MARCOS
512/353-0888**

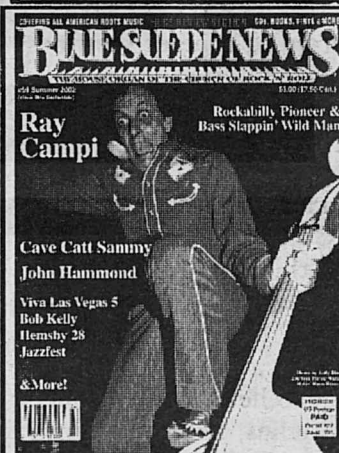


**Austin
Americana**

Musical alternatives eNewsletter free every week
covering Americana music in South Central Texas.
On the web site find a music guide, links to bands,
venues & clubs, Americana Internet Radio, news,
and other resources including reviews, photos & more.



<http://www.AustinAmericana.com>



subscribe to
Blue Suede News

House Organ of the Church of Rock 'n' Roll!

We cover American Roots Music!

\$20/4 issues 1st class mail in U.S.

\$14 by bulk mail

\$21 Can/\$24 Europe/\$25 Aus/Jap - air

Sample copy \$5 in U.S.,

VISA/MC/AMEX/Paypal

www.bluesuedenews.com

BOX 25, Duvall, WA 98019-0025

GREETINGS FROM AREA CODE 207 VOLUME 3 SARA COX • FIREWATER

(Cornmeal ****.5/Velvet 'Ed ****)

Of Charlie Gaylord's previous samplers of Maine music, I observed that Austin music doesn't look so hot if Portland, with a tenth of the population, can do this well, and that the girls up there sure sing pretty. I'm a bit stumped for something new to say, because both remarks still apply. Gaylord again casts a wide net, his 20 tracks, anchored by Patty Griffin (from Old Town, Maine) and Slaid Cleaves (Portland), embracing many genres, with some strong contributions, though the amount of British Invasion influenced pop suggests that he may be near the bottom of this barrel. Still, my second point sure holds—anytime you start to zone out, strategically placed tracks by Griffin, Portland's six time Best Vocalist Darien Brahms (fabulous version of *D-I-V-O-R-C-E*), Sara Cox and Jenny Jumpstart grab your attention. Hey, Charlie, how about a 'Women Of Maine' compilation? There's a bit of a drop-off here from the previous volumes, but still much worthwhile grassroots stuff and you can always play Guess Who's Moving To Austin Next.

♦ While I'd advise them against Austin, Brahms and Cox would be assets to any music community. I'll have to get back to you on Brahms, but Cox, who sounds a little like Margo Timmins on six soulful and arresting folk/country originals, has a full-length in the works which promises to be worth keeping an eye out for. JC

THE LUCKY PIERRES • CLOVERLEAF

(self-released ****)

Correct me if you know the scene better, but my impression of Dallas hillbilly music has been that while the grizzled stalwarts keep plodding on, the promising youngsters always seem to fizzle out. Against this backdrop, lasting long enough to put out three albums seems a minor miracle. That The Lucky Pierres have survived is due to the fact that they have several formidable assets, any one of which should sustain a band, even in Dallas. At the sharp end, as it were, is the magnificent voice of Michele Pittenger, behind which are Philip Prince and Kim Herriage's distinctive guitar and steel guitar, and underpinning this well-oiled machine, the stellar songwriting of bass player Bart Chaney, who contributed ten of the 14 numbers. Of the balance, two are by Herriage, while the other two pay tribute to very (very) different Dallas singer/songwriters, Edie Brickell's *Mad Dog* and Helen Hunt's *What Else Does She Do Like Me?*, from Dragon Street's **The Gals Of The Big D Jamboree**. Pittenger is so marvellous one could cheerfully listen to her singing nothing but vintage gems like Hunt's but The Lucky Pierres are a full service hillbilly band. JC

SISTERS MORALES • PARA GLORIA

(Luna ****)

Even if few admirers of Lisa & Roberta Morales' country-rock vocals and harmonies perhaps realize it, their band name echoes what was once a commonplace of Tex-Mex music, singing sisters going out as Las Hermanas, most famously Las Hermanas Mendoza. Sisters Morales have long included songs from their heritage in their set and on their CDs, and now they've gone the whole hog, with an entire album of Spanish songs, produced by Michael & Ron Morales (no relation), and complete with full orchestra backing featuring such outstanding musicians as violinist Bobby Flores, who was also the arranger, and Al Gomez on trumpet, not to mention the always sensational David Spencer on lead guitar. An obvious parallel is with fellow Tucsonite Linda Ronstadt's **Canciones De Mi Padre**, but, possibly because they're Hispanic on both sides, rather than one, the sisters sidestep Ronstadt's penchant for the sentimental and her tendency to oversell a song. Mind you, it's still my favorite Ronstadt album, but now I've got one without those flaws. Though they helpfully include English translations in the liner notes, Lisa & Roberta, like Lydia Mendoza, Violeta Parra or Mercedes Sosa, sing so beautifully it really doesn't matter if you can't understand the words. JC

MARK LeGRAND • ALL DRESSED UP

(self-released ****.5)

Some time ago, I mocked a press release which referred to "one of the finest musicians to come out of northern Vermont," which really did seem like damning with the faintest of praise, but thanks to Tom Ayres, WRUV, Burlington, VT, his FAR colleagues and I are getting an education in Green Mountain musical assets. Following on the heels of Burlington's Starline Rhythm Boys, whose **Honky Tonk Livin'** topped the FAR chart for two months, comes an album of classic country from Montpelier. Unfortunately, LeGrand breaks one of Goren and 3CM's cardinal rules—always lead from strength. Anyone listening to this cold might let the mediocre 'hot new country' opening track go, perk up a bit on *Don't Trouble Trouble* but give up on the album halfway through track three. However, after this unfortunate bit of sequencing, LeGrand hits his stride with a run of eight really fine originals. He has a fine, strong, expressive voice, excellent backing and, in the person of Roger Stauss of Granville's Noteworthy Studios, a really topnotch engineer and mixer. Once you get past the rocky patch, this one really sparkles. JC

GARY PRIMICH • Dog House Music

(Antone's ****)

Not much in the way of blues gets into these here pages and when it does it's usually reissues or repackagings of classic stuff, because, as some of you already know, I have very little use for latter day, white boy blues. However, these things are never absolute and for some reason I've always cut Primich a lot of slack. Is it because, regardless of genre, he's a shit hot player? Certainly, he's long been first call for anyone, regardless of genre, from Libbi Bosworth to Ruthie Foster, Jimmy LaFave to The Starline Rhythm Boys, who wants some shit hot harmonica on their album. Is it because he's also an excellent singer, guitarist and songwriter? Is it because he's a charmer who always seems to be having fun (and in civilian life, has always struck me as a pretty good guy)? Whatever, I'm not alone, Primich is able to tour constantly and put out an album every 18 months or so, still flourishing when bar blues bands and albums are struggling all over, mainly because while most bar blues bands play the same set year in, year out and, let's face it, make the same album over and over, he has more respect for the audience, and, come to that, for the blues. His eighth album ranges from a Delta sound (Michael Fracasso's *Elizabeth Lee*), to jump blues, shuffles, ballads and even swamp pop (*That's What Love Was Made For*) and lounge. Primich, along with Steve James, a formidable combination, will be headlining the San Antonio Blues Society's Robert Johnson SA Sessions Festival on the 30th. JC

LOST JOHN CASNER DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH (WHILE I'M DRINKIN')

(Spectrum ****.5)

Best known, at least among Texas music lovers, as the man who made sure there's at least one Blaze Foley CD available, **Live At The Austin Outhouse**, which he recorded in 1988 when they were both mainstays of that much missed dive, vocalist/pianist/songwriter Casner plays "classic Texas Honky Tonk and Western Swing," and that's not me talking. You wanna argue with Merle Haggard? The fact that his Lost John & The Austin Roadhouse Band and Little Whiskey recordings were on cassette tells you he hasn't put out anything recently, but the years spent filling dance floors haven't been wasted. Still, The Hag's endorsement doesn't take into account the Austin/Outhouse twist Casner puts on the music. His set opens with Deadly Earnest & The Honky Tonk Heroes' title track and includes Leon Payne's *They'll Never Take Her Love From Me*, George Jones' *Why Baby Why*, Bob Wills' *New Texas Blues* and Ray Price's *One More Time*, but slotted in among them are a honky tonk version of Foley's *Faded Loves And Memories*, Rich Minus' *I'm Gonna Die With My Dreams On*, a song Casner got from Cody Hubach, *Skid Row Rodeo*, and John Prine's *Yes I Guess (They Ought To Name A Drink After You)*. Backed by Boomer Norman, one of the best country guitarists in Central Texas, steel guitarist Bobby 'Scrap Iron' Snell and a couple of guest appearances by fiddle legend Johnny Gimble, Casner magically provides a true bucket of blood experience without you having to actually fuck with cedar choppers. JC

BIANCA DeLEON LIVE: FROM HELL TO HELSINKI

(Outlaws & Lovers****)

DeLeon's album title doesn't refer to Hell, Norway, but a nightmare journey to Finland on her 2002 European tour, at the end of which she did a live show, accompanied only by fiddler John Permenter, on YLE Radio, Helsinki, and liked the ten cuts so much she put them on CD, plus another recorded in her living room. She's since learned that less really is more, getting a better response to this freebie barebones album than to her high dollar studio/guest stars debut **Outlaws & Lovers**, which she put out simply as Bianca (Texas trivia; she's the subject of David Rodriguez's *Bianca Smiles*). Apart from the audience favorite *Don't You Hate It When Your Date Gets Shot?*, which she'd kinda like to get rid of, this is all new Borderland material from one of the few people who can be described as a Texas singer-songwriter, not just a singer-songwriter from Texas. JC

BUDDY MILLER • MIDNIGHT AND LONESOME

(Hightone ?)

Is a brand new review code and who better to invent it for than Miller, the prime example of an artist who's very highly regarded by many people, some of whom I respect, including the misguided FAR jocks who made this album #1 in the October chart, but when I listen to his stuff, my reaction isn't that it's good, bad or mediocre, it's I Don't Get It. There are other artists I have a blind spot about, Jim Lauderdale for instance, but, out of respect for Hightone, if for no other reason, I really do wrestle with my indifference to Miller's albums, trying to see why so many other music writers seem to think he's the greatest thing since sliced bread, and, well, I flat don't get it. All I hear is someone who's trying too hard—the nicest thing I can think of to say about this album is that it's too busy. JC

CASBEER'S

1719 BLANCO RD. • (210)732-3511

NOVEMBER 2002

Every TUESDAY • Open Mike
with Roberta Morales

Every WEDNESDAY • Acoustic Jam
with Claude 'Butch' Morgan

Fri 1st • 3 Balls Of Fire +
The Shakin' Apostles

Sat 2nd • Ruben V

Thu 7th • Redheaded Stepchild

STAN MARTIN



Fri 8th • Thrift Store Cowboys
Sat 9th • Red Meat
Thu 14th • Colin Gilmore
Fri 15th • Delta Roux
Sat 16th • The Hix!
Sun 17th • Gospel Brunch with
The Clumsy Lovers
Thu 21st BILLY JOE SHAVER
Fri 22nd • Guy Forsyth
Sat 23rd • Two Tons Of Steel
Thu 28th • closed
Fri 29th • Cave Cat Sammy
Sat 30th • Miss Neesie
& The Ear Food Orchestra

WWW.CASBEERS.COM

TATTOOS BY JON REED
TRADITIONAL-AMERICAN-CUSTOM
AUSTIN ★ TEXAS
WWW.JONREEDTATTOOER.COM



<http://austin.citysearch.com/>

2024 South Lamar, Austin, TX • Phone No. 512/442-4446

STAN MARTIN



cigarettes and cheap whiskey

CIGARETTES & CHEAP WHISKEY

www.stanmartin.net

\$12.00 for the CD (includes shipping)

Stan Martin

PO Box 1139,

Pepperell MA 01463

978-857-7958

"... a solid record from a honky-tonker who means it ... if you enjoy Dwight Yoakam and Merle Haggard, chase down this new release by Stan Martin. Guest Scott Joss, who is Yoakam's fiddle player, adds zest to seven of the album's 12 tracks. Steve Morse/Boston Globe

"... marvelously fluid and muscular Bakersfield twang"
3rd Coast Music

"We are blown away! Great songs, great guitar, great band. It reminds us of when we first heard Dwight Yoakam"

The Real Deal, KNMX, Las Vegas, NM

"He writes great country songs and plays the fire out of his Telecaster." Billy Block, Western Beat Entertainment



CHARLES EARLE'S B-Sides

THE RATINGS DON'T LIE

COUNTRY MUSIC STILL LAGGING BEHIND IN THE NASHVILLE RADIO MARKET

After the release of the last two Arbitron ratings books, I stopped referring to Nashville as a country music town. In fact, according to the latest ratings, released last month, Nashville is apparently the nation's capital of oldies and soft rock.

Considering all of the years that country music mainstay WSIX occupied the top spot in Nashville's ratings book, it still seems odd to see any other station on top. But the local soft rock station has held on to its #1 rating for the second book in a row, and our oldies station moved from eighth to second over the last few months. WSIX actually moved up this past summer, going from a tie for sixth place up to third. WKDF, the only other country station in the top ten, finished in ninth after a sixth place rating in the previous book. What this all means, as I've said previously, is that Nashville isn't really even listening very much to our own biggest export. What does it say when locals aren't even fans of the Music Row product any more? It's kind of a sad state of affairs, to say the least.

Industry analysts are predicting a rally in the coming months thanks to new releases from Faith Hill, Tim McGraw and Shania Twain. Certainly, those artists will attract a lot of attention. But it remains to be seen if they will bring fans back to country radio. Stay tuned for more on this situation.

FOR SALE OR RENT

As bad as the local daily paper in Nashville is, it's still good for the occasional unintended piece of humor. A recent story in The Tennessean featured area real estate agents talking about all of the great bargains that can be had on Music Row these days.

Music Row is "the diamond in the necklace around downtown Nashville," remarked one agent. "In terms of supply and demand, I'd say there's a lot of supply right now," said another. "There's a backlog of product right now," said yet another.

The article featured a photo of an agent looking like he is forcing his ear-to-ear smile as he stands in front of the former Giant Records office on the Row. Next to the agent on the front lawn is a large 'available' sign. Poor sap...

As if it wasn't already obvious to many of us here in town, this situation is proof positive that the bungling ways of Nashville's country music industry over the last seven years have affected plenty of folks who weren't dumb enough to be cashing record company paychecks. Music Row truly had it all when the boom peaked in 1993. But the industry folk got greedy. The total of six labels releasing country records in 1988 swelled to over 20 by the mid 1990's, as music biz types from LA swarmed in to show us how things are done.

Now, many of the properties that the Nashville real estate community is stuck with were once home to label imprints such as Giant that have been consolidated into their parent company labels as a cost cutting move.

Thus, you can now occupy the corner office where a label jackass once sat and thought he was on top of the world, and you can do so for a bargain price. Ah, sweet revenge.

So what will it take to get the Music Row real estate market booming again? "An increase in record sales," one agent said in the article. "We need to have faith in the talent pool."

Like I said, our local paper is really funny sometimes when they don't mean to be.

URBAN RENEWAL

A lot of attention in recent weeks around Nashville has been focused on the new release from CMA Horizon Award winner Keith Urban. The album, **Golden Road**, hit the shelves on October 8, and the first single spent two weeks at number one on the Billboard charts last month.

The attention Urban is receiving is normal for an artist who carries the Horizon title and is seen to some degree as the future of the industry, but Urban captured the hearts of Nashville music fans during his bar days with some of the most staggering guitar work in recent Music City memory before he was a big shot. As front man for The Ranch, he dazzled locals with a musical prowess that was nearly unbelievable coming from the stage of dives like Jack's Guitar Bar and Douglas Corner. But on his solo debut for Capitol, Urban was reduced, like many of his contemporaries, to singing weepy power ballads, disappointing many of us who hoped that his success would allow him to make future albums more fitting of his talents.

The news as far **Golden Road** is concerned is good for the most part. While still giving in to some of the overproduction that has become a Music Row trademark, Urban sounds a good bit more like the guy we all enjoyed so much in his bar band days. But notoriously missing from the record is the scorching guitar work that separates Urban from, well, just about anybody in music. There are flashes now and then, but I look forward to the day that a Keith Urban record will be held up against those of any guitarist in music.

PANS AND PREDICTIONS

Okay folks, it's time for my annual predictions for the CMA Awards. The telecast is set for Wednesday, November 6 on CBS, and I'm feeling lucky this year. Those of you who kept score on me last year (and if you did I strongly suggest you get a hobby) may remember that I finished at seven out of twelve. But I'm gunning for at least eight this year. Here goes...

Entertainer of the Year: Okay, this one hurts. I mean, it is something akin to getting an appendectomy with a butter knife for me to make this prediction. But since I'm trying to guess who will win, rather than who should, I'm going to have to admit to myself that Toby Keith is the most likely. The big goof who appears opposite a frigging has-been alien puppet in cheap long distance commercials is likely to bring home this trophy. What a shame, as Alan Jackson deserves the nod this year after releasing a fine album and tasteful 9/11 song. But the sheer visibility of Keith will seal his victory.

Male Vocalist of the Year: My guess is that a lot of voters will pick Keith in the Entertainer category and then circle Jackson as Male Vocalist. It makes sense when trying to predict the thoughts of CMA voters. They will not look at Jackson's 9/11 song as 'entertainment,' but they will see it as an accomplishment worthy of an award. Thus, I'll take Alan Jackson here. If Keith sweeps both categories, I'll probably fill the bathtub with Stoli and see if it's possible to drown myself that way.

Female Vocalist of the Year: This year, it's the usual suspects, Trisha Yearwood, Martina McBride, Sara Evans, Lee Ann Womack, against Alison Krauss. I'm going out on a limb and predicting Krauss. She was a surprise multiple winner back in the mid-90s and she has tremendous credibility in Nashville. Last year's victories at the CMA Awards for the O Brother, Where Art Thou? soundtrack make me think that a few people in this town will still vote for quality.

Horizon Award: I predicted a victory last year for Nickel Creek, and was disappointed to see them lose. I'm afraid I have to pick against them this year, even though I want them to win something fierce. I'm going to take Carolyn Dawn Johnson here with the thought that she seems to have had the most chart success of the five nominees. However...

Vocal Group of the Year: ...I'm going to take a risk and pick Nickel Creek in this category. The Dixie Chicks will win next year. Diamond Rio has won plenty of times. Lonestar and Rascal Flatts are godawful. I just think a few of the younger voters on Music Row will go with Nickel Creek to shake things up a bit.

Vocal Duo of the Year: And the winner is...The Bellamy Brothers! Just kidding. But wouldn't it be great if somebody put together a little underground plot to see that the Bellamys won this thing one of these years. That would be a hoot. But until that happens, Brooks & Dunn will keep on winning.

Single of the Year: I'm banking on the fact that many CMA voters will remember Alan Jackson's CMA performance last year of *Where Were You (When the World Stopped Turning)*. It was the highlight of the telecast and the most tasteful 9/11 song recorded by anyone not named Springsteen.

Album of the Year: What can you say about a category that has Alison Krauss, Willie Nelson and Alan Jackson, but also suffers from Toby Keith and Kenny Chesney. It's a bunch of highs and lows here, and this one is a tough call. I'm going to predict a victory for Jackson and his Drive album on the strength of two big hit singles that voters will remember.

Song of the Year: I'm going to go with Jackson and his 9/11 song again here. His was the first cut to commemorate last year's tragic events, though it has since become a career move to go patriotic. I'm hoping that Jackson will win and then we can move on to other lyrical subjects in the coming year.

Vocal Event of the Year: The obvious choice is Jo Dee Messina with Tim McGraw doing Bring on the Rain. However, I have kind of a gut feeling about Willie Nelson & Lee Ann Womack's take on Mendocino County Line. Let's go with a victory for Willie.

Musician of the Year: In the polite Nashville tradition of honoring the studio musicians who make all of the records sound alike, some picker or plunker will take this home. I'm going to guess that voters will break from the tradition of rewarding the current hot guitarist and vote for dobro specialist Jerry Douglas.

Music Video of the Year: Considering how few people actually watch country music videos, I wonder how the voters actually pick a winner in this category. It's like Bill Murray's old film critic on *Saturday Night Live* picking the Oscars... "I can't pick that one because I didn't see it." The only one that really stands out in my mind is Toby Keith's *I Wanna Talk About Me*. I'm guessing it is the only one that most voters will remember.

So there you have it. If things go as I've predicted, Alan Jackson will walk away the big winner. If they go as I fear, Toby Keith will be an American institution and I'll be face down in gallons of Russian vodka. Either way, it should make for a, ahem, memorable evening of television.

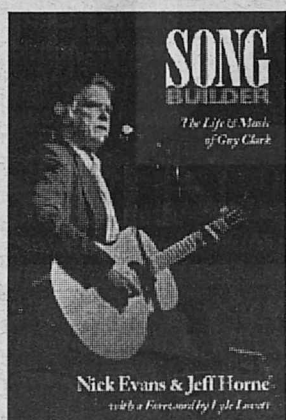
www.charlesearle.net



VILLAGE RECORDS CD HUNTING GUIDE

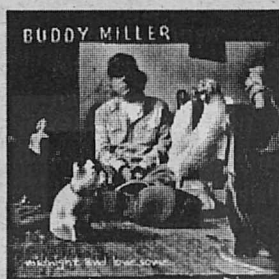
MAIL ORDER
SHIPPING WORLDWIDE

FOLK MUSIC, AMERICANA,
COUNTRY, ROOTS ROCK,
REISSUES, NEW RELEASES,
NEW & USED DISCS,
IMPORTS, SPECIAL ORDERS
INDEPENDENT LABELS



\$24.99
paper-
back

Songbuilder:
The Life and Music of Guy Clark
This great biography is finally
back in print! Foreword by Lyle
Lovett. Another Village exclusive.



\$13.99
CD

Buddy Miller
'Midnight And Lonesome'
Well chosen covers and stunning
originals make up this latest gem.



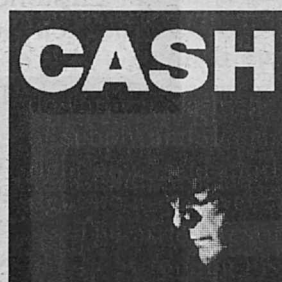
\$13.99
CD

Bill Chambers
'Sleeping With The Blues'
Includes duets with daughter Kasey
and Audrey.



\$19.99
CD

Tom Russell
'Museum Of Memories 1972-2002'
Limited Edition collection of rarities.
A full eighty minutes.
Mail order only
Village Records exclusive



\$12.99
CD

Johnny Cash 'The Man Comes Around'
This latest set finds Cash covering
an array of songwriters and giving
the tunes his own unique spin.
On sale through November

THE MODERN CONVENIENCE OF SECURE ON-LINE
SHOPPING WITH THE OLD FASHIONED COURTESY AND
KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STORE
WE ALSO ACCEPT TRADES ON YOUR OLD DISCS

Prices do not include out flat rate shipping charge
PO Box 3216 Shawnee, KS 66203 USA
24/7 ans. machine/fax: 800-327-5264 or 913-631-6369
to speak with Corky or Bill
phone Mon-Fri 10-5 central time at: 913-631-4199

TEXICALLI

ALWAYS ROCKIN
SIX DAYS A WEEK,
CLOSED SUNDAY
NEW OLD HOURS 10-9
WE DELIVER AFTER 5
442-2799
SOUTH AUSTIN

Out of the Past



Collectibles

Largest selection
of Austin music posters
and movie memorabilia
Jewelry - furniture - toys & more
BUY-SELL-TRADE
Mon-Sat 10-6.30 • Sun 12-6

5341 BURNET RD,
Austin, TX 78756
(512) 371-3550
outofthepast@earthlink.net

EDGE CITY

'music for those of us who never joined up'

Friday, Nov. 29
Austin Grill, Baltimore, MD

Saturday Nov 30
Holy Grounds. Severna Park
MD

www.edgcitytx.com

JOHN THE REVEALATOR

Fucked the pooch a bit last month by clean forgetting to go back and fix an obvious typo, so **Phil Spector** went into print as Phil Specter, which is a little embarrassing given the context, and the fact that I actually met him once, at a press reception. Well, 'met' is a little strong, we weren't introduced and didn't exchange a single word, but he did put a 'Back To Mono' button in my hand. It is still one of my proudest possessions. Oh yes, and 'Johnny Tillitson,' as one of those who recorded Mickey Newbury's *She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye*, was just a dumb speedtyping mistake.

♦ An email dated Monday September 30th told me that **Mickey Newbury** had died the previous day. Guess things got confused while the news was being spread because I later discovered that he in fact died on Saturday September 28th. I wasn't sure if Newbury really met the Obscurity Quotient I usually require—the way I look at it, there's no point in covering deaths that'll be on the evening news and in the dailies, when there are so many people whose passing will go virtually unmarked—but I'm sure glad I went with my instinct because there was astonishingly little coverage. Do an Internet search and you'll see what I mean, *The Tennessean*, *The New York Times*, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* and *The Independent* (UK) are all that comes up. Well, I guess the Eugene, Oregon, *Register-Guard* (Newbury lived in Vida, OR, until his death), which noted, "He enjoyed golfing." Of the various obituaries, *The Tennessean's* was by far the best, if only because it included a great quote from Newbury who, after buying a Cadillac with his first royalty check, for *Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feelings*, said "Since I knew I'd still be living in my car, I wanted something dependable."

♦ Thinking of obituaries, one person who did get a lot of notice was **Horace Logan**, who died October 13th. Logan was only incidentally remembered as one time host of the Louisiana Hayride, his main claim to attention being that he coined the immortal words, "Elvis has left the building." Or did he? The problem, for people who worry about such things, is that Logan used the words in December 1956, but, while they became a ritual part of Presley's 70s appearances, the first complete transcription of the 1956 show didn't come out until 1996. As you see, the timeline is a little tricky, someone would have had to have been at or heard the 1956 show on the radio, remembered what Logan said and made it a catchphrase almost 20 years later. Alternatively, someone trying to achieve the same end as Logan—persuade the audience that the show really was over so they might as well go home—independently recoined the phrase long after Logan's original use of it had been forgotten. Hell, maybe Presley himself remembered it from Shreveport and passed it on.

♦ Slipping between deadline cracks, **Chad Williams**, WCBN, Ann Arbor, MI, told me at the last minute, "I play guitar and sing, mostly original material, acoustic but generally twangy. It's just a hobby really. No career aspirations or anything." However, just to annoy people who do have career aspirations, he had a gig last month so was listed in the guide to which FAR DJs were playing October but didn't get a namecheck in the Laura Cantrell feature.

♦ On duty for the *San Antonio Express-News*, Jim Beal Jr spent much of the 2nd **International Accordion Festival** growling "Folk music!" and it has to be said that there were way too many chairs on stage, and that the people sitting on them tended to pall after a few numbers. Of course, there was a time when all accordionists played sitting down, and some oldtimers may still be cussin' Valerio Longoria and Frankie

Yankovic, the 'Iron Men' who started standing up at shows, but one could hardly help but notice a very obvious difference in the energy level between the two positions. Beal and I started stitching together our dream lineup for 2003, Dick Contino, Those Darned Accordions, Rosie Ledet, Red Stick Ramblers, The Dudes and Ponty Bone for a start, plus I say, on Sunday, The Ear Food Gospel Orchestra—how often do you hear gospel music with a squeezebox? Also, it'd be cool to find jazz and western swing bands that, like Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra and Tex Williams' Western Caravan, feature accordion. Guess we'd let Contino sit down if he wants, he is 72 after all.

♦ If you wanted to check out the makeup of his fanbase, **Doug Sahm** Day would have provided a fairly accurate insight. By my estimate, for much of the afternoon, there were as many participating musicians milling around behind the stage as there were paying customers in front of it, more if you threw in the music writers. Things picked up a bit in the evening, but the event did demonstrate that even in his hometown, Sahm was held in higher regard by his peers than by actual punters. Admittedly, an unseasonal norther didn't help the event, though there was a surprisingly good turnout from Austin—I asked for a show of hands during an emceeing stint. My reward for this was a commemorative T-shirt, art by Guy Juke from a photo by Lu Young, and I'm sure Debora Hansen would be happy to sell one to any Doughead who couldn't make it (bigdog816@juno.com).

♦ When I surveyed the FARsters for the editorial feature on appreciative musicians, I did turn up a couple of artists who'd gone a little extra distance. Mark Mundy, KNON, Dallas, says, "**Mark Jungers** gave me a six pack for putting him as my album of the month. That's OK in my book," while Julie 'Wanda' Espy, KUCI, Irvine, CA, reported that "**Grey De Lisle** baked cookies and sent them to us at the station with a kind note." As you can see, my guys aren't exactly in the hookers and blow league.

♦ There are things you think you know until you actually try to come up with them, like the names of the seven dwarves or deadly sins, or of Santa's reindeer. You may have heard of the seven so-called '**Pacifica words**' that the FCC explicitly forbids anyone to say on radio (\$7000 fine and/or two years imprisonment) and, like me, thought you could at least figure them out. However, I came across them the other day and while six are exactly what you expect, shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker and motherfucker, the seventh seems bizarrely out of place—tit. Tit? What kind of obscenity is that?! Why not bum while they're about it?

♦ Last month, I cracked that **Eric Hisaw** looks like he could take out a campfire's worth of sensitive singer-songwriters, but I found out that he can do better than that. A San Antonian told me he once saw Hisaw get into a fight at Tacoland, a tough spot even by local standards, with no less than three drunks and whip their collective ass. "I mentioned it to him a while later and he said, 'Oh yeah, that was when I decided I'd better quit drinking.'" If you were to ask Hisaw how he got to be so strong, he'll tell you, "From pushing my cars."

♦ Back in May, reviewing Caitlin Cary's debut, I said that I hadn't liked to ask Thad Cockrell, who sang on it and knows these guys, whether **Ryan Adams** really is a prick or just gives a very unfortunate impression, but Adams himself has provided a fairly definitive answer. As you may have read, he recently reacted to a joke request for the Bryan Adams hit *Summer Of 69* with a stream of expletives, had the house lights turned on, found the offender, gave him his \$30 back and refused to carry on until he'd been removed from the Ryman

Auditorium (the manager snuck him back in, and he kept the \$30). I think we can all agree that Adams takes himself way too seriously, or, in short, is a prick. However, there is, at least for the AMA, an upside to this fiasco. It was the lead story in the *San Antonio Express-News* 'People Beat,' which, even though it was obviously a very slow day—another item was about Peter Frampton!—indicates that, however minor, Adams is a bona fide celebrity, and how many of those are there in Americana? Jim Lauderdale may be the AMA's Artist of the Year but he'd have to set fire to himself on network TV to get that kind of coverage. Come to think, that'd be difficult as he'd have to get on network TV in the first place.

♦ The cover of the August issue of the British mag *Country Music People* has **Jason Ringenberg** with the cutline "Alt. Country before Alt. Country was cool." And apparently after it was cool, too.

ROBERT JOHNSON

Austin has hogged the limelight for so long that the musical histories of other Texas cities, 50s Dallas, with The Big D Jamboree and Jim Beck's nationally famous studio, and 60s Houston, homebase of Starday, Duke/Peacock and Crazy Cajun, have been all but eclipsed. However, in the big picture, San Antonio has a real claim to be Queen City. It was where field men, notably RCA Victor/Bluebird's Eli Oberstein, came in the 30s, setting up makeshift recording studios in rooms at the Texas, Bluebonnet and Gunter Hotels to cut, direct to wax masters, 78s not just by local celebrities such as Narciso Martinez and Lydia Mendoza, but of artists like Amédé Ardoin & Dennis McGee, Joe & Cleoma Falcon, Milton Brown, Ernest Tubb and The Mississippi Sheiks. Brunswick once made 105 such recordings in just three days (these trips ended when they ran out of blank discs).

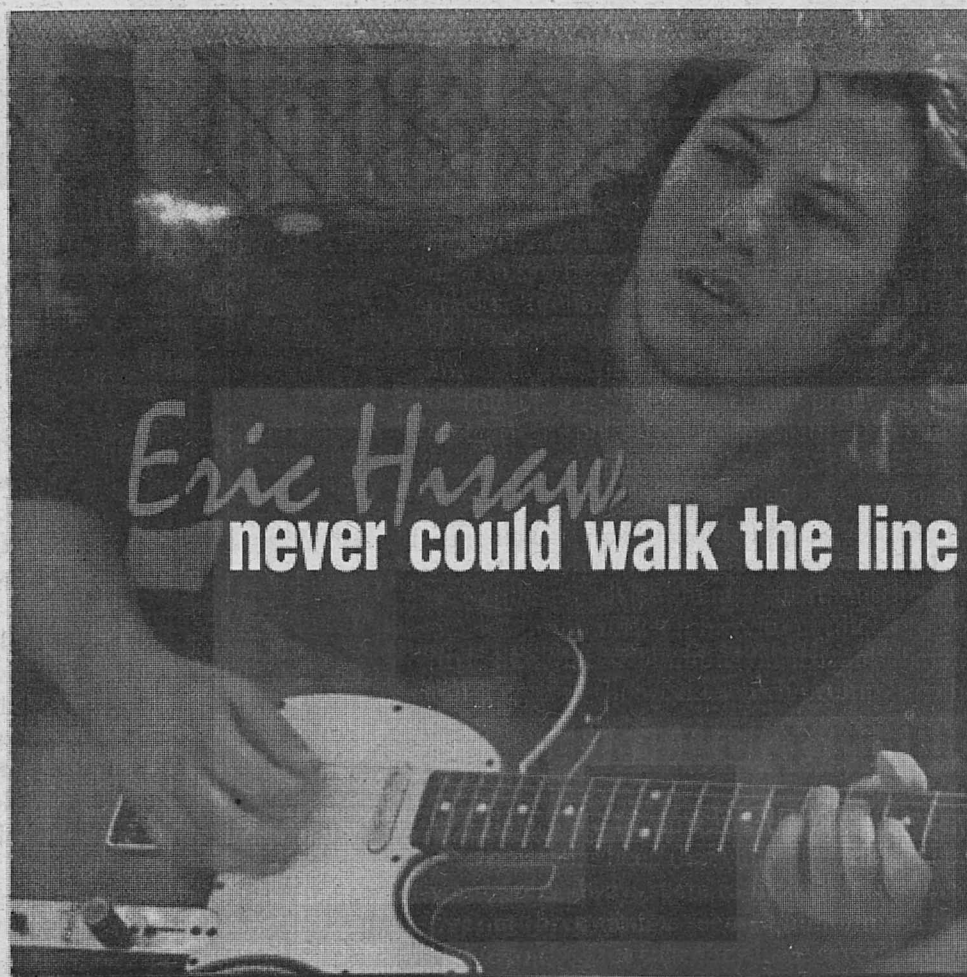
♦ However, the most notable chapter in San Antonio's music history was **Robert Johnson's** first and most important recording session. On November 23rd, 26th and 27th, 1936, at the Gunter Hotel, American Record Company/Vocalion's Ernie Oertle cut 16 of the 29 sides Johnson recorded (the rest were cut the following year in Dallas, suck on that, Austin).

♦ Last year, the San Antonio Blues Society marked the event with the first **Robert Johnson's SA Sessions Celebration**, which included concerts and the posting of a historical marker. This year, they're back at The Sheraton-Gunter with a Crystal Ballroom banquet on the 29th, featuring music by Honey Boy Edwards, Guy Forsyth and Rusty Martin, and possibly a showing of a movie on Johnson, and a concert on the roof of the parking garage (with rain fallback) on the 30th, featuring 15-year old Will Owen-Gage & the Krybabies, Henry Perez & The Rhythm Kings, Catherine Denise, Steve James & Gary Primich and Sean Pittman. All profits go the San Antonio Food Bank.

ROBERT JOHNSON T-SHIRT COMPETITION

Something of a coup for the SA Blues Society was getting permission from Stephen LaVere, who owns, and tightly controls, copyright to the only two known photographs of Johnson, to use Johnson's image on a T-shirt. I have three of these collectable beauties, Fruit of the Loom heavy cotton, which normally go for \$15 but which you can win one of by being among the first three people who send in correct answers to the following (if you feel real confident, give me your size):

♦ Two famous male musicians have been beaten up by female musicians for making racist remarks. Who were the two men and who were the two women? If you want to show off, you can add which musician was the subject of the remarks in the more recent incident.



What the critics are saying about "Never Could Walk The Line"

"Eric Hisaw's songs and raw country-folk-rock vocals get to the heart of the two reasons we make music: celebrating loss and celebrating freedom." Tom Geddie, Buddy Magazine

"In the wake of great teachers like Joe Ely and Steve Earle, Eric has surely found the right course to mold a style that is all his own." Massimo Ferro, Radio Voce Spazio Italy

"You don't really need to be told that Hisaw hails from New Mexico or lives in Austin, you can hear the dust, desert, and border bars in his voice and guitar." Mike Davies, NetRhythms.com

"Many people write and sing about working class life, Hisaw has an edge on all of them, authenticity . . . this is powerful stuff." John Conquest, 3rd Coast Music

Available at:

www.texasmusicroundup.com

www.cdbaby.com

www.villagerecords.com

Distributed by:

Burnside Distribution Corp

www.bdcdistribution.com



11707 Indianhead Dr
Austin, TX 78753
512.821.1357
StockadeRecords@evl.net

FRED EAGLESMITH & BAND
WILLIE P BENNETT · WASHBOARD HANK
DAVID OLNEY · THE D.RANGERS · IAN TAMBLYN
SERENA RYDER · BOBBY WATT & OTHERS TBA

In March, 2003, some of the best roots music in North America will be rolling across Canada in a cross-country concert. And you're invited. Private sleeping cars, glass-domed observation and performance cars and non-stop music provided by the likes of Fred Eaglesmith and his hard rocking band, songwriting legends David Olney and Ian Tamblyn, newcomers The D.Rangers, Serena Ryder and others. Boarding the last 1950's streamline train still operating in regular service for the trip of a lifetime in the heart of winter across the Canadian Shield, spanning the prairies and through the Rocky Mountains to Vancouver. Five nights total; two in hotels, three on board, three full days of thrilling scenery and unforgettable music! \$1,480US per person includes sleeping accommodations, hotels and all meals on board.

www.rootsontherails.com, email us at flyradar@sover.net or call 802-463-3669 or 866-484-3669 toll free.



FLYING UNDER RADAR PRESENTS THE 4th ANNUAL
Roots on the River
FRED EAGLESMITH WEEKEND

JUNE 5-6-7-8, BELLOWS FALLS, VT
FRED EAGLESMITH & BAND
ROBBIE FULKS · JON DEE GRAHAM
MARY McBRIDE BAND · JAMES
KEELACHAN · WILLIE P BENNETT
WASHBOARD HANK & MANY MORE!

Bellovs Falls, Vermont comes alive for the 4th Annual Roots on the River/Fred Eaglesmith Weekend June 5-8, 2003.. Starting with a New Faces show on Thursday (acts nominated by Fredheads from around the US and Canada), followed by a Friday Evening Rock Show, an all-day outdoor festival show on Saturday, an all-acoustic show in a 200-year-old Meeting House on Sunday, culminating in the take-no-prisoners Street Hockey Tournament for the coveted Gilded Traffic Cone at the Walpole Inn and a farewell soiree at Readmore B&B, this is a weekend not to miss. Less than 2.5 hours from Boston, 4 hours from New York on I-91. \$97 for the weekend (includes Saturday meal tickets). Accommodations at area motels, inns and b&bs available.

www.flyingunderradar.com, email us at flyradar@sover.net or call 802-463-3669 or 866-484-3669 toll free.

3rd COAST MUSIC

237 W Mandalay Dr, San Antonio, TX 78212, USA
210/820-3748 • 3rdcoast@sbcglobal.net
publisher/editor • John Conquest

SUBSCRIPTIONS

US/Canada • \$18 (12 issues, 1st class)
Elsewhere • \$30 (12 issues, air mail)

SPONSOR
FARM

Friends of
American
Roots Music

REVIEWS CODE

***** Killer

***** What's not to like?

*** Try, just a little bit harder

** Buy good beer instead

* Piss on this noise

? I don't get it

THEY'RE PLAYING YOUR SONG

Compare and contrast these two quotes. The first is from a label head, over whose identity I will, for obvious reasons, cast a veil: "I do more for my artists' careers than they do. They sit at home and wonder why they're not famous." The other is from Lloyd Maines: "From the moment she gets up to when she turns off the light, she works at the job of being Terri Hendrix, and that's why I'm on her team."

One aspect of Hendrix's professionalism is that if you do anything for her, you'll get a handwritten note expressing her appreciation. I have a stack of them and between us, Jim Beal Jr, Third Coast Music Network and Bill Conner at KNBT must have sacks full, but just about everybody who's ever booked her, written about her or played her on the radio has been given the Hendrix treatment. In a survey of FAR reporters, many other musicians were mentioned as being appreciative of airplay, with a few names, J-200, Stan Martin, Jim Stringer, Dave Sanger, Stacey Earle, Susanna Van Tassel, Nancy Apple and Eric Hisaw, recurring many times, but the overwhelming consensus was that, in this context, Hendrix is in a class, and I do mean class, of her own.

Now you have to understand that nobody goes into the support arms of the music industry expecting any gratitude from musicians, or if they do, they soon find they're shit out of luck. Musicians tend to have very well developed egos, which is understandable in a way, they couldn't get started in this business if they didn't believe in themselves, and they're usually surrounded by people who are paid to like their music, even if it makes them want to gag, or constrained by the obligations of friendship to like it, even if it makes them want to gag. Thus doubly insulated, they invariably regard their new album as the greatest ever made, so they don't feel much need to thank anyone for reviews or airplay since these are no more than their due. To be fair, given the sorry state of music journalism and radio in America, you can see why so many musicians regard the media simply as a source of free publicity.

However, what most musicians don't seem to realize is that unless they're on a label that's willing to buy the reviews and airplay, or they've attained such iconic status that they can't be ignored, they're on their own, nobody owes them anything. Ideally, I'd like to be able to say of magazines like **3CM** and DJs like the Freeform American Roots reporters that we can tell artists, "We are not paid to like your albums and we are not your friends," but, to be honest, it's not that simple. Over time, we inevitably develop friendships with artists, indeed some are so engaging that a single meeting can establish a relationship—most anyone who's interviewed Butch Hancock, Ray Wylie Hubbard or Slaid Cleaves or had them as studio guests will thereafter regard them with affection.

Still, while we may not be 100% objective, overall the basic point remains: none of us *have* to write about or play any given album. This is something that Hendrix, and the others mentioned above, understand, but most artists just don't get it. And I'm not talking about stars, I'm talking about people for whom the cover of **3CM** or #1 in the FAR chart is pretty much as good as it's ever going to get. It's not that any of us expect any gratitude, but the thanks of Hendrix et al remind us just how much we're normally taken for granted—and sure doesn't do them any harm, let me tell you. **JC**

THE DONETTES PITCHIN' Woo

(self-released *****)

Compilations, particularly samplers, are, or so I've been told by several labels, a hard sell, but I rarely come across one that's not worth keeping, which is more than I can say for most albums. I don't mean the tributes being visited upon the 21st century like the eleventh plague, but 'Various Artists' collections that often provide informed and informative perspectives. Among my favorites albums are those that illuminate music history (Dragon Street's **Big D Jamboree** series), delve deep into the vaults (Bear Family's epic **That'll Flat Git It!**), cherry-pick the output of a great indie (Arhoolie's **Discos Ideal** cycle), have a coherent, well executed concept (Lazy SOB's **The Songs Of Route 66**) or are simply ultracool mini-jukeboxes (Legacy's **Ain't I'm A Dog/Whistle Bait!** doubleheader). Even occasional tie-ins, most obviously **O Brother Where Art Thou?**, can have some value.

For music writers or adventurous music lovers, about the most potentially useful compilations are those that showcase grassroots music, whether they cast a wide net geographically (Dusty's **Rockin' At The Barn** series), or stylistically (Cornmeal's Maine music samplers, **Greetings From Area Code 207**), or focus on a particular place and genre. Bloodshot's **Nashville; The Other Side Of The Alley** and Freedom's **True Sounds Of The New West**, for instance, would have given you a head start on many Nashville and Austin based hillbilly/alt country artists.

Though often anchored by a few more or less familiar names, showcases are generally forays into unknown territory, and while it often turns out that there's a real good reason why you've never heard of some of the artists, it's not unusual to be blown away by a heretofore complete unknown. The largest nugget I ever mined from a compilation is Danny Ray's one and only single, *Love Me*, 75 seconds of pure adrenalin rush rockabilly, on West Side's **John Vincent Presents The Vin Story**, but in this context, The Gospel Playboys' *Were You There* on Rank's **Known On The Underground** fits the bill just fine. As does The Donettes' *Oh Boy* on King Noodle's **Jukebox Fever**, *Blue Suede News*' Pacific Northwest rockabilly compilation, reviewed last month.

Aspiring artists contribute to a showcase hoping that people who hear them will want to know more, or at least register the name, so one assumes they give it their best shot. One problem is that while compos resonate with a basic **3CM** tenet, that most people would be much better off making singles rather than albums, there's always the danger that what you're hearing really is the Greatest Hit. The one cut may suggest they have it, the question is, do they have *enough* of it? The Donettes' stylish and witty website—for some reason, rockabillys have taken to the Internet like ducks to water—doesn't give much to go on. They've put out an album, but then who hasn't? Still, the fact they won a Viva Las Vegas! talent contest means they must have a show, so I figured what the hell, let's give 'em a shot.

Oh my. With Kirsten Ballweg on bass and Sarah Bratsch rhythm guitar, singer and songwriter Rebecca Kemberling was hoping to form an all-girl group, "but all the good women guitarists and drummers in Seattle were already in twelve other bands." However, if she's had to bring in male reinforcements, Jonathan Stewart aka Johnny 7 on lead guitar and a couple of drummers (they're hoping to find another woman to fill this current vacancy), Kemberling sets the style, and it's all female.

The 'sassy' woman is a staple of rockabilly, epitomized by Jo Ann Campbell, but it's always been a male-dominated genre and, unlike Campbell, who wrote her own songs, most women have to use material that's little more than men's songs with a little gender-flipping of the lyrics. This is true of The Donettes' two covers, Johnny Horton's *I'm Ready If You're Willing* and Nellie Lutcher's *He's A Real Gone Guy*, and some of Kemberling's originals, *Summer Lover*, for instance, but only a gay rockabilly band could cover her *Oh Boy*, *Tom Cat*, *Lucky Tonight* or Ballweg's *Action Slacks*, and only a transvestite rockabilly band *Baby, You Can Flip My Skirt*.

Engineered on vintage equipment by Billy Horton ("we were fans of his recordings of Cave Catt Sammy and Nick Curran"), The Donettes' album (they also have a hot pink 45) sounds great and the band captures the classic style, but it's the perspective that makes them stand out from the pack. "Fans like hearing songs from a woman's point of view. We're writing from the strong, confident and sexual woman's experience, rather than the 'I'm a poor gal sittin' at home wondering when a man will come along' type."

In another way, though, The Donettes are very traditional—like all the best rockabilly bands, the group is greater than the sum of its individually competent parts. Their gestalt clearly wowed the Viva Las Vegas! judges, and will wow anyone looking for a fresh new rockabilly fix. **JC**

JUST ARRIVED!!! BEAVER NELSON'S "LEGENDS OF THE SUPER HEROES"



TEXASMUSIC ROUND-UP

Your Independent Texas Music Superstore

The Round-Up Special - Buy any 5 or more CDs for only \$10 each! (plus s&h)

ALL-TIME TMRU BESTSELLER!!!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUCK!

A TEXAS SALUTE TO BUCK OWENS

Produced by Casper Rawls & David Sanger



22 Songs featuring

DOYLE HOLLY, RAY BENSON, BUDDY OWENS, FLACO JIMENEZ, DAVID BALL, RODNEY CROWELL, JIM LAUDERDALE, ROSIE FLORES, RICK TREVINO, TED RODDY, THE JORDANAIREs, THE DERAILERS, TONI PRICE, LIBBI BOSWORTH, MONTE WARDEN, CASPER RAWLS, THE SOUTH AUSTIN JUG BAND, ALBERT LEE, HERB PEDERSON, LLOYD MAINES, JEFF HUGHES, SUSANNA VAN TASSEL, THE LEROI BROTHERS, THE GEEZINSLAWS, ROY HEINRICH, ELIZABETH McQUEEN, TRACIE LYNN, AMY NEUENSCHWANDER AND THE CORNELL HURD BAND

Includes a special LIVE Buck Owens performance of "Love's Gonna Live Here" recorded at the '95 Buck Owens Birthday Bash at The Continental Club, Austin, Texas

D.B. Harris

Can I
Return
These
Flowers?



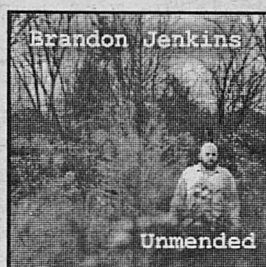
"From Memphis to Bakersfield to Texas, the influences are varied and entertaining. The end product is polished enough to be commercially germane and yet still maintains enough of an edgy uniqueness to be an engaging, fresh standout against today's mainstream fare."

- Laurie Joulie, Take Country Back

JUST ARRIVED!!!

BRANDON JENKINS

Unmended

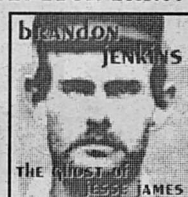


"Jenkins has the makings of a singer-songwriter with enough staying power to deliver some memorable music." - Dirty Linen

"...his stripped-down, strong-boned anthems clearly stand on their own..." - Tulsa World

"Jenkins is one of Oklahoma's finest and most sensitive contemporary singer/songwriters." - Norman Transcript

More BRANDON JENKINS titles available from TMRU:



www.brandonjenkins.net

JIM BEAM

AMERICANA BY WAY OF THE NETHERLANDS

elsewhere bound

THE VERY GIRLS



The Eindhoven-based (that's in the southern part of Holland) Very Girls have a sound that's a little bit Americana, a little bit Folk, and a little bit Euro-Swing. Think Emmylou Harris meets the Roches, or perhaps, Nanci Griffith meets the Andrews Sisters. Also, think infectiously melodic songs with strong vocal harmonies (by the way, the Very Girls sing in English, in case you were wondering).



"...There are a variety of moods [on the album], some sad and wistful, some up and smiling, but they are all good songs, performed skillfully with feeling." -Darrell Harkins, Roots Music Report

"... Ad van Meurs [The Watchman] is a notable and intricate songwriter, and Aggie & Ankie [The Very Girls] have a truly lovely sound." -John Conquest, 3rd Coast Music Magazine



www.cdbaby.com
www.recoveryrecordings.com

Distributed by: Southwest Wholesale
6775 Bingle Road Houston, Texas 77092 800-275-4799
www.southwestwholesale.com

CDs are \$15 each OR 5 for \$10 each. U.S. GROUND please include \$1.75 P&H for 1st item, .50 for each additional item. CANADA/MEXICO please include \$2.25 for 1st item, \$1.00 for each additional item. EUROPE/U.K. AIR please include \$6.00 for 1st item, \$1.75 for each additional item. ALL OTHER AIR (ASIA, AUSTRALIA, ETC.) please include \$6.00 for 1st item, \$2.00 for each additional item. For UPS shipping, please order online or call. Texas residents please add 8.25% Sales Tax. Make checks payable to TEXAS MUSIC ROUND-UP. Send Check, Money Order, or Credit Card (MC/VISA/AMEX/DISCOVER) info to: TEXAS MUSIC ROUND-UP P.O. Box 49884 Austin, TX 78765-9884 512.480.0765 512.499.0207 (FAX) info@texasmusicroundup.com www.texasmusicroundup.com

order online at texasmusicroundup.com



NOVEMBER ARRIVALS & DEPARTURES

20th Eck Robertson • 1887 • Amarillo, TX
----- Duane Allman • 1946 • Nashville, TN
21st Lloyd Glenn • 1909 • San Antonio, TX
----- Jean Shepard • 1933 • Paul's Valley, OK
----- Dr John • 1941 • New Orleans, LA
----- Cecil Brower † 1965
22nd Whistling Alex Moore • 1899 • Dallas, TX
----- Hoagy Carmichael
----- • 1899 • Bloomington, IN
----- Charles Mann • 1945 • Welsh, LA
23rd Spade Cooley † 1969
----- Big Joe Turner † 1985
----- Roy Acuff † 1992
24th Scott Joplin • 1868 • Bowie Co, TX
----- Johnny Degollado • 1935 • Austin, TX
----- Buster Pickens † 1964
27th Werly Fairburn • 1924 • Folsom, LA
----- Jimi Hendrix • 1942 • Seattle, WA
----- Lotte Lenya † 1981
----- Charline Arthur † 1987
28th Cecil Brower • 1914 • Bellevue, TX
----- Bruce Channel • 1940 • Jacksonville, TX
----- Libbi Bosworth • 1964 • Galveston, TX
----- Wanna Coffman † 1991
29th Merle Travis • 1917 • Rosewood, KY
----- Mason Ruffner • 1952 • Fort Worth, TX
----- Joe Falcon † 1965
----- Ray Smith † 1979
30th Fred 'Papa' Calhoun • 1904 • Chico, TX
----- Walter Mouton • 1938 • Scott, LA
----- Jim Patton • 1950 • Alton, IL
----- Jeannie Kendall • 1954 • St Louis, MO
----- Guy Forsyth • 1968 • Denver, CO

• • • • •

**Threadgill's World HQ,
301 West Riverside Dr
STRING BAND THURSDAYS
7.30-10m, no cover**

Nov 21st - The Green Cards

GOSPEL BRUNCH

Sundays, 11am-1.30pm

Nov 3rd The Gospelaires